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### Holland City News - The Fair Daily, Volume 1, Number 1: September 27, 1887

Holland City News

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# HOLLAND CITY NEWS.

## THE FAIR DAILY.

VOLUME 1.

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN, SEPTEMBER 27, 1887.

NUMBER 1.

### TOO & MUCH & BUSINESS

Has prevented us from making a display at the FAIR GROUNDS, but if you will call at OUR STORE we feel satisfied that you will be pleased with our exhibition of

**CROCKERY,  
GLASSWARE,  
HANGING LAMPS.**

You will be welcome and we will take  
**Pleasure in showing you around our Large Store.**

**Our stock of Dry Goods and Groceries  
is complete in every respect.**

**PETER STEKETEE & CO.,**  
Post's Brick Block, Cor. Eighth and River St.

In want of a good Cigar call for  
**"J. M." straight 5c. Cigar.**  
THE BEST IN THE CITY.  
EVERY CIGAR DEALER KEEPS THEM.

**DON'T FAIL TO CALL AT  
KELLER'S ART STUDIO**  
And get a dozen of those fine Cabinet Photos, ONLY \$2.00, or  
a fine Tin Type. See picture on exhibition in Main Building.  
Gallery: Opposite Bosman's Clothing Store, EIGHTH STREET.

**C. BLOM, Jr. KREMERS & BANGS**  
dealer in dealers in  
**Confectionery,  
Bakers' Goods, Etc.  
Pipes, Tobacco and Cigars.**  
**Drugs  
AND  
Medicines,  
PAINTS AND OILS.**  
The only LUNCH COUNTER  
in the City.  
OYSTERS served in every Style.  
Remember the Steam Peanut Roast-  
er at the Fair Grounds.  
River Street, - HOLLAND, MICH. Eighth Street.

**Van Duren Bros. Shoe Store**  
Ladies and Gentlemen's Fine Foot Wear a  
specialty; also light Rubber Goods for this  
season of the year. Just the place for you  
to come during the fair. Eighth street.

Visitors at the Fair should not fail to look at the  
**PHOTOS AND CABINETS**  
exhibited by  
**BURGESS & YOUNG,**

And before returning for home leave orders for pictures at  
their studio. They guarantee to do work that cannot  
be surpassed by any Artist in Western Michigan.

**PRICES REDUCED DURING FAIR WEEK.**

**YATES & KANE,  
Druggists and Book-sellers**

Fine Chemicals, Miscellaneous Books,  
Flavoring Extracts, Fancy Stationery,  
Pure Durgs, School Books,  
Choice Perfumes, Dressing and  
Toilet Articles, Odor Cases, Etc.

On our News Counter can be found all the leading Magazines and  
Periodicals, Fashion books, daily and weekly papers and current and se-  
cular literature. Come and see us during Fair week.  
Corner Eighth and River Streets, Holland, Mich.

**JOHN PESSINK & BRO.**  
Wish all their friends to call on them during Fair Week  
either at their stand on the Grounds or store up town.  
**THEY WILL SERVE THE PEOPLE WITH LUNCHES**  
as they have done in the past.

**Warm Peanuts and Hot Taffy for the Children.**  
Store on Eighth street, HOLLAND, MICH.

### FAIR FACTS.

Good afternoon.

Rainy and disagreeable weather is  
at present the outlook for the week.

Don't miss seeing Plans of the  
Michigan Hedge Company in the  
Main Hall.

Music at the grounds will be  
furnished by the Holland and Fenn-  
ville Bands.

This is the first daily paper ever  
published in Holland City. How do  
you like us.

Look at the display of the Pho-  
tographic Art in the main building.  
It is large and very fine.

An Allegan livery firm will run  
buses between town and the fair  
grounds during the week.

TREASURER Breyman is happy  
and is making great preparations  
for the rush on Thursday.

The coffee sold by the Y. W. C.  
A. at their stand is roasted by  
Messrs. Peter Steketee & Co.

The Kickapoo Indians are talking  
of giving an exhibition on the  
fair grounds during the week.

VERY unfortunately Manager  
Bird was unable to secure an at-  
traction at Lyceum Opera House for  
fair week.

SLABBEKOORN Bros., of Zeeland,  
have a fine collection of stuffed South  
American birds on exhibition in the  
main building.

THE DAILY NEWS will be offered  
for sale in the main building or can  
be procured from our circulators  
upon the grounds.

SEVERAL entries of horses have  
been made in the speed department  
and the races promise to be amusing  
as well as entertaining.

THE Diamond Wind Mill located  
near the entrance is the first thing  
that attracts the attention of visitors  
approaching the grounds.

FROM present indications there  
will be a sufficient number of re-  
freshment stands on the grounds to  
satisfy the appetites of all who come.

THERE was considerable activity  
on the grounds yesterday. Stands  
were being erected and exhibitors  
were placing their entries in  
position.

SECRETARY Visscher and his corps  
of Assistants are kept busy making  
entries. We predict that there will  
be over two thousand entries made  
this year.

THE display of Agricultural Im-  
plements and Farm Machinery  
promises to be larger and better  
than on previous years and that is  
saying a great deal.

WE think that the merchants and  
business men of Holland City have  
been very liberal in their patronage  
of the daily edition of the News.  
We shall come again.

SUPERINTENDENT of the Grounds,  
Diekema, this year had everything  
in readiness on time and the work of  
the Superintendents was made  
much easier by his promptness.

TO-DAY will be given up almost  
exclusively to the receiving and  
placing in position of exhibits.  
Consequently there will be no  
regular programme carried out.

A NUMBER of those who are to  
make entries in the speed trials al-  
ready have their horses on the  
grounds and there is an occasional  
spurt now and then on the track.

KEPPEL's old settlers' hut is not so  
great an attraction this year as it  
was last season. The hut is a  
valuable one, however, and is still  
retained on the grounds by the  
Society.

THE Chapel coffee house being  
erected by the First Church opposite  
the main building will be one of the  
most attractive stands on the  
grounds. It will be run by the  
ladies of the Church.

LOOK over our advertising  
columns and while you are in town  
extend your patronage to those who  
have through enterprise and liber-  
ality helped to make the daily fair  
edition of the News a success.

MESSRS. MEYER, BROUWER & Co.  
will have musical instruments on  
exhibition in the centre of the main  
building. An accomplished young  
lady performer will furnish se-  
lections at intervals during each  
day.

JAMES RYDER was accused on  
Monday of fast driving on Eighth  
street. Upon his agreeing to put a  
break on his phaeton and to drive  
his fractious horse with a curbed bit  
he was dismissed with a slight  
reprimand.

MARSHAL Hollis has made his  
appearance on the grounds and the  
rest of the officers feel that their  
load of duties is now made lighter.  
He is a host in himself, and the  
Society is fortunate in having se-  
lected so good an officer.

THE prospects are now very  
favorable for our having a steam-  
boat line between Holland and Chi-  
cago even before the close of this  
season. Captain C. A. Mercer  
spent Monday in the city talking  
with our business men and he  
received so much encouragement  
that he is thinking seriously of  
bringing the propeller A. C. Van  
Raalte here next Monday. He tells  
us that this boat is well adapted for  
this line. She has been entirely  
overhauled and rebuilt and there is  
but little left of the old boat except  
the name and the machinery.

### Our Third Annual Fair.

A GENERAL IDEA OF WHAT VISITORS MAY  
EXPECT TO SEE.

This is the day of our Agricultural Fair,  
opening to the public the Farmer's Picture  
Gallery—not pictures drawn in colors on  
canvas, but living pictures of things in  
their own colors. From present prospects  
the opening will be a very auspicious one.  
From what Secretary A. Visscher tells  
us there are already a large number of  
entries made, and everything points to  
there being a larger attendance than at  
either of the previous fairs held by the  
S. O. & W. A. Agricultural Society.  
Landseer never made such finished and  
expressive animal pictures as can be look-  
ed for in the Cattle Department. The  
beautiful Devon, in dark red coat, unsur-  
passed in coloring by claret wine or gar-  
net velvet. The horns so symmetrical in  
their curving lines, and so white and  
smooth in their ivory surface. The doc-  
ile Jersey with her milk fountain full  
and rounded, and of the golden color of  
a firkin of October butter. The head  
clean cut with eyes of a gazelle, so large,  
so deep, so liquid, and so gentle in their  
benignant look, that we take them to our  
hearts and homes at once. The majestic  
Durham, with lines so straight and par-  
allel in measurement of body, with deep  
shoulders and broad back, an honored  
giver of the tender and juicy steak. The  
Holstein, in their magnitude and height,  
colored with great stripes and spots of  
white and black—the very Anaks of the  
cattle kingdom. And there, also, the  
Ayrshires, with mottled coats and com-  
pact forms, and with such rugged vitality,  
holding in the minds of many breed-  
ers their right to pre-eminence over all  
other breeds; each and all being nature's  
paintings placed in the gallery by our  
liberal minded and patriotic breeders.

And farther on in this exhibition of  
selected beauties stand the gentle and  
fleecey South downs, Shropshire downs,  
Hampshire downs, Bakenells, Merinoes,  
Leicesterhires and Oxford downs—each  
class with its own peculiar points of ex-  
cellence.

Near by the sheep lying flat and at full  
length the gluttonous swine—Yorkshires,

Berkshires, Chester whites and Jersey  
Reds—obese beauties, making in their  
gorged laziness an involuntary grunt with  
every labored breath, and yet so very  
suggestive of tender sausage and savory  
ham. Pictures of quiet contentment, yet  
varied by the innocent friskiness of the  
little youngsters in their lively playfulness.

And now we turn to Nature's pictures  
in the poultry department, where we have  
the warm brilliant coloring and delicate  
pencilling of a Titian in the silver and  
golden spangled Hamburgs, the light and  
dark Brahmas, the white crested Polands,  
the dark-red and black-breasted game  
cock, the silver-colored Dorkings, the sea-  
bright Bantams, the homing pigeons, with  
their silver, dun and blue coloring, the  
splashed Fantails, red and yellow, the  
white-crested Jacobins, and blue-spotted  
and yellow Tumblers, the white and  
pearl-spotted Guineas, the golden and  
silver ring-necked Pheasants, the white  
and drab long-eared rabbits! No bouquet  
ever culled from Flora's Kingdom sur-  
passes the delicate and brilliant coloring  
seen in the Poultry Department.

But by far the handsomest picture in  
this collection is the magnificent horses  
of every kind which form an important  
feature of our Fairs. Our pen falls in  
attempting to describe these beauties.

And now in royal state comes the red  
and white wheat and the golden corn the  
snow-flaked potatoes; the maroon colored  
tomato; the golden pumpkin; the white  
and cream-shaded cauliflower; the nut-  
brown pear and red-cheeked peach; the  
the white and purple plum; the royal  
white and purple grape; the red and yel-  
low-striped Baldwin apple and the red  
Spitzenberg. The genius of Michael An-  
gelo never blended colors in tints more  
expressive of beauty than is seen in this  
picture of Pomona's Kingdom.

Also in the Pomological Hall we can  
see the sweet and bright display of flow-  
ers—the rose, that queen of flowers, the  
varied-colored, showy dahlias, the modest  
verbenas, the lustrous geraniums—the  
delicate texture and coloring of all their  
beauties, scarcely surpassing the silk and  
worsted embroidery, to be found in the  
ladies department, and the ingenious cro-  
chetting, the artistic lace work, in its  
mosaic of colors and patterns, the tasty,  
labored quilt, so rich and dazzling in its  
artistic designs—trained and cunning  
fingers making this department a capital  
"school of art."

But the picture most Democratic and  
most beloved by all is made by the king-  
ly white bread-loaf, the light and lovely  
biscuit, the rich pound cake, the jelly,  
cream, chocolate and coconut cakes, the  
fruit jellies, peach, quince and pineapple,  
and all in company with the creamy  
cheese and golden rolls of sweet, fragrant  
butter. While the eyes are feasting de-  
liciously over these dainties, the mouth,  
watering, is tantalized by the label "touch  
not."

And yet above all and beyond all is the  
Fair, at the fair—the ladies. Who of our  
readers would miss seeing this most cap-  
tivating part of our agricultural exhi-  
bitions?

**WALSH'S  
Go to Drug Store.**

The oldest, leading and most re-  
liable place to purchase  
**PURE DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,  
CARRIAGE PAINTS,  
BRUSHES, OIL MEAL AND  
PATENT MEDICINES.  
PURE LIQUORS for Medical Use.  
FAMILY RECEIPTS,  
Prescriptions, Horse Medicines.**

This House is too well-known to enter  
into any comment as to the purity and  
freshness of the articles sold.

**C. Steketee & Bos,**  
dealers in  
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,  
Crockery and Glassware.**

**A Good 5 and 10c. Counter.**

**CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK  
AND LEARN OUR PRICES.**  
Cor. River and Tenth Sts., HOLLAND, MICH.



# Holland City News.

HOLLAND CITY, MICHIGAN.

DR. ALFRED, of Ocala, Fla., has a copy of the *Baltimore Advertiser and Journal* dated Aug. 23, 1773. In it is a graphic land advertisement by George Washington, offering 20,000 acres of the finest and richest land in the world, and situated in the Kanawha Valley, W. Va.

IDA LEWIS WILSON still keeps the old boat in which she has saved thirteen people, and, shabby as it looks, she uses it, and says if she were again to have the opportunity to rescue the drowning she'd take the old boat rather than the handsome new one presented her by the citizens of Newport.

DANIEL SPRAKER, President of the Mohawk River Bank, at Fonda, N. Y., is probably the oldest bank president in the country. He has held his present position since the bank was founded in 1835, and is now 90 years of age and in a very precarious state of health. He has been blind and deaf for some years, but attended to his duties at the bank up to a few days ago.

AN Albany watchmaker to whom a watch that had been dropped overboard on a fishing excursion was taken, found that some of the works were so badly rusted that they were useless. "If," said he, "you had dropped your watch in oil as soon as you took it out of the water, or, better yet, have dropped it into alcohol or any kind of strong liquor, it would have cost you nothing but the cleaning."

In the State of Vera Cruz, 120 miles from the city of that name, there is a section of country called "Heaven," because of its favorable climatic conditions. Its air, water, and general environment are conducive to long life. Jesus Valdonado recently died there at the age of 154. He was carried to the grave by his three sons, respectively 140, 114, and 110 years old. To have children married at 12 and 14 years of age is a common thing. The women die young.

MR. BANCROFT, the Pacific coast historian, in his "Central America, III," gives an account of a remarkably sagacious dog. The animal was Leoncico, the property of Vasco Nunez, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, and accompanied him on his famous expedition across the Isthmus of Darien at the time the great discovery was made, in 1513. In their foraging Leoncico counted as one man and drew captain's pay and share of spoils. Upon those conditions his master frequently loaned him, and during the Darien wars he gained for Vasco Nunez more than 1,000 pesos de oro.

THERE is a firm in Philadelphia which paints pictures by the yard. The work is simple. A piece of canvas nearly one hundred feet long is stretched in a gallery shaped like a corridor. On each picture, which, by the way, costs \$4.50, five men were employed. Each man had his particular line. One put in the foreground, another the background, and still another did the clouds and cows that you see browsing in the pasture. A fourth man did the trees and shrubbery. In this way they were enabled to work fast. In exactly three hours five of those landscapes were finished, which is thirty-six minutes' time given to each. The fifth man did the finishing touches, and perhaps performed more and better work than any of the others.

THE whole field for acres around the bridge over Little River, in Wilkes County, Ga., is literally covered with flint arrow and spear heads, stone tomahawks, maces, battle-axes, and almost every instrument of crude Indian warfare. Besides these are found many domestic articles, as mortars and pestles for mashing corn, pots hewn out of solid stone, and broken vases carved in rare and curious designs. These relics were washed down from a neighboring hill by the late freshet and scattered over the field. On the top of this hill, where the village was supposed to have been, was found a large pile of broken and defective arrow-heads which seemed to mark the spot where some old arrow-maker had his shop, making arrows for his tribe and receiving in return deer, bear, and other such game as the forest afforded.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER seems to agree with George Frederic Parsons in exclaiming against the growth of ma-

terialism in America, and particularly among the young men. In a recent lecture on education, he said: "We need to have our education train young people so as to receive more integrity, a purer public life, and a disposition to get the best out of life, irrespective of material circumstances. The public school of to-day has shifted parental responsibility, and more and more teaches our young something 'practical.' The first outcome of this is superficiality. We are becoming material, and materialism is vulgarity. Plausible delusions and prevalent notions sweep away people whose mental faculties have not been trained to reason. Our public schools should keep morals and mental discipline always in view, and thus try to regain a little reverence in place of Yankee bump-tiousness."

THE richest widow of Colorado was the wife of the late John W. Iliff, who was known some years ago as the cattle king of Colorado. Iliff left about 100,000 head of cattle, and it is said that his widow manages his estate as well as any business man could. She went to Colorado as a sewing-machine agent, though she came of a wealthy family and could have remained home doing nothing. She there met Iliff and married him, and we doubt not the experience she obtained in connection with the sewing machine aids her in the management of her fortune. Speaking of cattle, there is a cattle queen in Texas, near Corpus Christi—Mrs. Rogers—said to be worth \$1,000,000, and who has many times as much stock as Job had in his most prosperous days. Her husband is a preacher, but Mrs. Rogers manages the business. She sells the stock herself, buys all the supplies, and can ride a horse as well as any of the many cowboys whom she has in her employ.

THE Frankfort (Ind.) *Saturday Banner* recently printed a communication written by P. M. Duffy, who was a section foreman for fourteen years which throws a timely light on the relations of certain railroad managers to their employees, and has a direct bearing upon the cheerful willingness of the officials of the Toledo, Peoria and Western Railroad that old Timothy Coughlin shall be the Chatsworth scapegoat. It also lends confirmation to the revelation in "Jim Flandroe's Megul" of the kind of testimony these railway officials expect from their servants. Mr. Duffy relates a common enough incident in the experience of section hands. It is one of the duties of the foreman to report all stock killed or injured, together with the owner's name and appraised value of the animal. One day a train runs over and kills Jones' Short-horn, valued at \$50. He is compelled to send in a report like this: "Killed by train 21, going east, one of Jake Jones' cows. Cow was of common stock, very old and poor, worth \$25; owner saved the hide, valued at \$7," signed by the foreman and certified by his men. A month or two afterward he is notified by the roadmaster that Jones is going to make trouble about that cow. The company had offered him \$16, but suit had been instituted for \$50. Therefore he and his men will be needed to testify, "and I herewith present you a copy of your stock report, giving you thirty days to study the same, in order that you may testify intelligently in the matter. I see that you are getting along finely and your section is in good condition. Yours faithfully, ———, roadmaster." When the foreman gets home he tells his wife what is expected of him, and she appeals to him to tell the truth, whereupon he writes to the roadmaster that he is unable to give the desired testimony, as he has learned since his report that the cow was worth at least \$45, but Bill Smith, one of his men, is ready to swear she was worth \$20. A few days pass by and he receives a letter from the roadmaster to the effect that his section is in very poor condition, and that if he cannot do better in the near future another man will be put in his place. The foreman does not take the hint. A week passes and he receives the following letter: "Bill Smith will take charge of your section. You will liver up to him all tools and time book, and, in fact, all the company's property in your possession. ———, roadmaster." If this be the way in which rotten railroads get up testimony and shift responsibility it would sufficiently account for the plight in which Coughlin finds himself, while the real parties who are accountable for the disaster escape investigation. As Duffy says in his communication, "There are Bill Smiths in every gang."



A Couple of Columns Devoted to the Fair Daughters of Eve.

Embracing a Few Seasonable Hints About the Latest Styles in Dress.

Furbelow and Feather.

Two new characteristics are seen in the newest costumes for street wear by fashionable women. First, a contrast of rather a violent nature is made by using light and dark materials in conjunction. The two autumnal suits herewith illustrated show what is meant. In one case a frontage of deep brown, and cuffs of the same, distinguish a dress otherwise of a light hue. The other costume employs the contrast laterally, the dark goods here being plaided. Second, overskirts are not put on any of the best gowns for outdoor wear. The current dimensions of the bustle are also shown in the picture, as well as the baby bonnet in its latest form.

One of the remarkable costumes intended for the winter has been delivered to its owner. It is of broadcloth, of the deepest, richest gold color—the gold that glows in the center of a dan-



AUTUMNAL SUITS.

delion—and it has a vest of sealskin. The sleeves, from the elbow down, are fur; so is the collar, and the full-draped skirt shows a tiny edge of an underskirt, also of seal, while the high draping exhibits at the side a panel of the same. With this costume came a sort of Russian cap trimmed with a band of seal.

Dress skirts are for awhile to be plain. An inch-wide plaiting, usually of braid, finishes the bottom, and looks rather nicer than an uncompromising binding of the same. For house dresses a plaiting of black lace is a pretty finish. But skirts are of heavy material—the heavier the better—very scant and severely simple. What if this were the first step to the trousers already worn in Paris? Twelve reputable but eccentric women, all wives, and several of them mothers, are publicly wearing pantaloons. Anything nearer a petticoat than the gathered trousers of the Parisian military man no one ever saw. They are wide, baggy things, fitting in round the ankle. A French soldier is a comical creature. But the pantaloons adopted by the ladies have none of these features. They are in the latest Paris style. For many seasons past female fancy has run to shirt fronts, standing collars, Albert ties, and Derby hats. Then came the Newmarket coats, both long and short. That the women should drop their skirts has been predicted as only a matter of time—and it seems that in Paris they have done so.

Fashion's children come in for picturesque clothes nowadays. Many mothers out loose from all rules and precedents in dressing their children, and it



FASHION'S CHILDREN.

must be confessed that the results often attest the good taste of the amateur designers. The three little belles portrayed require no explanation. Any reasonably ingenious woman can learn from these models how to produce several captivating suits.

The new millinery depicted below is from the latest importation of original models from Paris. The first is an eoru felt hat, trimmed with black lace and cream shaded to brown ostrich tips. The ornaments are of gilt and steel, the facing is of gold braid. The second is a beige felt hat, trimmed with cream-colored ostrich tips and black-dyed parrot feathers. Knots of cream faille ribbon are at the back and right. The facing is black velvet. The third is a bonnet of capote shape in faded pink faille silk, edged with quillings of narrow bronze green ribbon. There are bows of glauc-green and pink ribbons at the front. The fourth is a capote of fancy black and gold material, with a



NEW MILLINERY.

twist of salmon-shaded silk gauze at the front and a plume of bronze.

Almost all men find it convenient to have a suit that will answer for several different occasions, as an informal gathering of a social nature in the daytime, a business visit, or an informal call. It is the general plan to fall back upon the Prince Albert for this purpose, but the tailors, in trying to supply the demand, have a great opportunity for offering individual styles that cannot be regarded as other than correct. The coat will always be a double-breasted frock, but the material may differ widely, and there will be room for personal choice in the make-up of sleeves, cuffs and collars. Gray diagonals will be much worn this season, and next in popularity will be striped chevrons. It will be correct to wear with this coat a fancy vest, unless it should be a rainy day, in which case the good dresser must have on hand a vest of the same material as his coat.

The sack coat continues to be the best thing for business wear. The single-breasted coat, closing with four buttons and having a straight front, is the one most highly esteemed by active business men. The plaided blouse has been banished on account of the way it has been crowded on the market by clothiers.

When it comes to a consideration of vests, it may be said that the same general style pervades all suits. The tendency is emphatically toward fancy designs and light colors in this garment. In the full-dress suit the vest may be either a white embossed or embroidered silk or satin. The same material as the coat may be used, of course, and this style will be in vogue



BUSINESS CLOTHES.

with elderly men. Trousers are made of the same material as the coat, except where the coat is of broadcloth, when doeskin will be used for the nether garment. The legs are cut noticeably larger than last season, and are slightly sprung over the foot. The vest for day dress has a slightly curved crease, with either a plain or a notched collar, and closes with five buttons. The trousers are larger than for evening dress. It is perfectly correct in all these suits to have three different pieces of material in the garments, except where especially noted. Still the suit made up entirely from one piece will be popular. The greatest room for variety of choice lies in the business suit, where fancy goods will predominate. Checked and striped chevrons will be worn, though it should be said that less checks will appear than heretofore. Scotch tweeds and cassimeres will also be generally worn. The trousers reaches its crowning glory for the season in the business suit, where it attains a measure of twenty inches at the knee. They will be but slightly shaped over the foot.—*Chicago Ledger*.

AMABILITY is the sunshine of the soul, which causes smiles to bloom on the lips, and expands the heart as the warm rays of the sun opens the buds of the rose.

THE luxury that drains off the strength of men is a poor substitute for the hiring of themselves to some honest labor. Better to have been bred and born in the home of some honest toil.

## TOMMY ON EDITORS.

BY MRS. A. C. FRITSCH.



EDITORS is fokes what runs a nuse Paper. tha set round thea hous and da and dont du Nothing but tauk to winmin what has rit sum pote-ry. onct In a while Thay rite a Littel, when thaire kumpany is gawn. Its editurs bisnes tu

tell fokes thare Ritings aint goode fur Nothing. The editur what runs over Counti papur, cum Up tu vissitt mi Pa last Weak. Hea fetcht his Wuman and His babi along. I Dont like babis. Tha ollwais has to hav Evvry thing thare own Wa. If you dont Nuckel too them, thay holler till evvri Boddy is skairt haff too Deth. Thea naim of our counti paper is the *Mud laik Demkratick bugel Horn*. Mi Pa is a demmikrat, but mi ma is a republiken. winmin dont kno nothing About politticks. mi Pa ses so. Ma ses shea knows Pa is voating the rong tickett caus her fawther and hur unkel ollwais votid thes Republiken Tickitt. edditurs has got A aful Disgreebul disposishun, and thare maners aint nothing extry. mi Sistur ses so. Sis is A jung ladi. Shea cum hoam frum Bording skule last Faul. she rites sites of poatery, and hur feller sais its awfull cute, and shee Better hav it printed in the Papurs. thats why shea Went and seen a Ed-dit-ur. i hurd What hee sed tu hur, caus I was Thare too. sis woodnt let me Go with hur in thea Furst plaice, but i follered a wais Back so she coodnt sea mee. When she went in i Hurrid up and Busted intu thee rume along with hur. She dasnt sende mea out. sis red a peece of Poteri tu the editur and I rememburd it. it went this Wa:

MY LUV.

mi luv is Like a meller pare What grows wa Up on thes Hyeest Branch, Ide like tu git up thaire, i declair, if i cood find a Ladder on this hear ranch. my Luv is Like a guverment Mowl, Shea has got enny Amount of spunk and Gritt, Fur when i axed her Tu naim thes happi Da, shee cauled me A fule, and told Me too cleer out befour i Got hitt. My luv is Like a meeting Hous steapel, tall and dignifide and knoes hur owne Valyu. nobodit kant Rightil blame hur fur looking Downe on other peepel

Caus thats As fur as sis got with her Reeding. The editur hollered: "Enuff! Enuff! bi the shades of tarteruss! yung wumun, yoo had better go tu Deestrick skule sum moar, and studdi sanderses spelling buk and Welleses grammar, befour yu Attemt tu rite fur thee Pres." when Wee cum awa, Siss sed too mea: "Tommi, If yu blab About this hear Intervu, yoo Wil ketch it!" shee And ma Was as mad as A Wett hen, and cauled the Edditor lots Of onpolight naims. When mi ma and sis Gits mad, tha ollwais ses lots of on-propper Words. If i sed What thay doo, ide git licked fur it. editurs lives up stares mostly. Mi Pa ses, thats dun too maik it Harder work fur fokes too cum and sea Them. tomml.

He Is Out, Just the Same.

"Now, witness," said the attorney, "I think the court knows something about you—more than you think, perhaps; tell the truth; haven't you been in the penitentiary?" "Yes, sir," admitted the witness nervously. "I thought so. How long were you in?" "I went in for two years." "Serve out your full time?" "No, sir; I got out in eighteen months." "Time allowance for good behavior, eh?" "No, sir." "O, friends got you pardoned out?" "O, no, sir." "Ah, ha! You escaped, then?" "No, sir." "Then how under the sun did you get out?" "Quarreled with the Governor and he removed me. You see, the Wardens—" "That will do. Take the witness, Mr. Bulldozer."—*Burdette*.

No Cause for Grief.

A wall-eyed, hungry-looking individual entered an Austin restaurant and seated himself at one of the tables. A waiter appeared ready for his order. "Boss dead?" observed the man, gazing intently at the table. "O, no," answered the waiter. "Wife, perhaps. When does the funeral come off?" "Wife ain't dead, either." "One of the children, mebbe. Ah, well, life is short. We are here to-day, but where to-morrow?" "Children are all well." "Then it must be some near relative."

"None of the family are dead; none of them sick, and no relatives have passed away," explained the waiter. "There ain't!" ejaculated the man, turning fiercely around and pointing to the table-cloth, "then why in thunder don't you take in your mourning goods? That table-cloth is black enough for a funeral pall."—*Texas Siftings*.

DARWIN said: "Every species of fruit contains a living principle." A man is very likely to discover it when he bites into an apple in the dark.—*Binghamton Leader*.

AGRICULTURAL implements have been in such great demand in Manitoba that nearly every dealer has completely sold out.



## THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Mr. Dream Maker.

[A Lullaby.]



GOOD-NIGHT.

Come, Mr. Dream Maker, sell me to-night  
The loveliest dream in your shop;  
My dear little lassie is weary of light,  
Her lids are beginning to drop.  
She's good when she's gay, but she's tired of  
play,  
And the tear drops will naughtily creep;  
So, Mr. Dream Maker, hasten, I pray,  
My little girl's going to sleep.  
—St. Nicholas.

### Scratching Birds.

Our common fowls, scratching in the garden with their strong blunt claws, and calling their little broods to share the dainties they have found there, may furnish an illustration of this class of birds. They pass most of their time upon the ground, as we know, and seldom fly higher than is required to reach their roosting-place; consequently their wings are weak, and they make a peculiar whirring sound when they attempt to fly. The scratching birds mostly wander about in flocks, one male accompanying each flock, and taking no part in building the nests or helping to raise the young birds. Their nests are usually upon the ground, and the pretty, downy little chicks are able to run about as soon as they leave the egg.

Turkeys, which are still found wild in some parts of North America, are scratching birds; as also are the gorgeous peafowls from India. The male bird, or peacock, as he is called, is celebrated for his long train of feathers, decorated with eye-like spots of metallic colors. The upper feathers comprising the train are shorter than those beneath them, and in consequence of this arrangement the spots near their tips are all displayed, making a magnificent array of feathers long enough to trail for some distance on the ground, but in stepping the peacock lifts it slightly to prevent its dragging. Altogether his movements are such as to give an observer the idea that he never wholly forgets his handsome train. To manage and display such a train is certainly no slight matter. Then see him take some stately position, and slowly bend his head from side to side, as if to give the full benefit of the sunlight to his glistening neck and head, and you will not wonder he has been called a proud bird. When a sudden fancy takes him, the peacock can lift up his tail into the air and spread out the feathers into a broad fan. The hen looks very meek beside her mate. She has no train at all, and her plumage is a modest brown, while the prevailing colors of the male are blue and green.

Pheasants are also natives of Asia, and they, too, are brilliant birds. The golden and the silver pheasants and the argus are all exceedingly handsome. The gayly colored scratching birds, such as peacocks and pheasants, are mostly jungle birds of tropical lands, and their brilliant hues blend well with the bright flowers and the pretty fruits and berries upon which they feed. On the other hand, partridges, guinea-fowls, and scratching birds in general have a dingy spotted plumage resembling the ground upon which they sit or run, and by this means they escape the notice of birds of prey.

Partridges, of which we have just spoken, pass the winter in our fields and meadows. Early in the spring they select their mates, and begin to build their simple nests close by the root of some tuft of grass or cornstalks. The nest occupies a slight depression in the ground, and is often placed where overhanging grasses naturally conceal it and the fifteen or twenty pure white eggs. Young partridges are very active, and they have no sooner left the shell than they start off to run, following their mother like a brood of chickens, and nestling under her wings when she is at rest. It is well that they can run, for if they were not able thus to take care of themselves, these tiny little birds, in their open home on the ground, would stand a poor chance for life. The cunning mother does what she can to ward off danger to the little ones by pretending lameness, in order to entice foes away from her nest. When alarmed she makes a noise to attract attention, then throws herself on the ground in full sight, and flutters along, dragging her wings as if severely wounded. After she has led her pursuers far enough from the nest her object is accomplished, and then she starts up and flies away in as good condition as ever.

Quails are smaller than partridges, but their habits are similar, and their clear call of "Bob White" is familiar to most boys in the country. Our quails and partridges both differ from the English birds bearing the same name.

Pigeons are placed among scratching birds, although in development they are greatly in advance of others of the class; for they are good fliers, they have slender toes for perching, and they build their nests in trees. Another striking difference may be noticed in the young birds, a newly born squab being perfectly naked, and as helpless and uninteresting as can well be imagined. It is nevertheless an object of tender care with its parents, both of whom secrete in their crops a soft milky substance with which to feed their little ones. Taking the bills of the young birds in their own bills, the parents force this partly digested food down the throats of the squabs.

The wild or passenger pigeons of North America associate in large flocks. Millions of these birds sometimes occupy one roost in a forest, and they are described as frequently breaking the branches of the trees with their weight. Passenger pigeons fly hundreds of miles to their feeding grounds, and return at night to their nests, each bird finding its own without difficulty. In their migrations they fill the air like a cloud, and, although their flight is very rapid, the size of the flock is so great that it is a long time in passing any one point.

We are, however, more interested in the tame pigeons, and we find the domestic habits of these birds very attractive. Having once selected their mates, they remain true to each other for life, and both birds assist in building the nest and in sitting upon the eggs. There are never more than two eggs at a time in the nest, but several broods are raised during the year. Altogether these birds make most satisfactory pets, and the fancy for keeping pigeons dates back to very ancient times. It is estimated that there are at least one hundred breeds of tame pigeons, and the peculiarities and fine points of these varieties have been carefully cultivated by "pigeon fanciers." All our domestic breeds are thought to have descended originally from the rock pigeon, which is still found wild in Europe.

The carrier-pigeon is one of the most popular fancy pigeons, and sells for a high price. This aristocratic bird was employed in olden times to carry messages for kings and princes, but in these days it is kept merely as an ornament, and it is carefully shielded from exposure to the weather. The homing pigeon, a much smaller and plainer bird, is now sometimes trained as a message-bearer. The homing pigeon seems to have a natural faculty for finding its way, owing probably to the cultivation of its ancestors for many generations; still, notwithstanding this inherited tendency, each young bird requires careful training before it becomes expert. This training is begun while the pigeons are very young, by taking them a short distance from their cot and setting them at liberty. Rising into the air and looking about them, the birds see their home, and fly for it. Day after day they are taken out in the same direction, each time a little farther from home, and they fly back to their cot as before. After a long period of training they become so familiar with the route that they will return from long distances; but this training must have been in one direction and in clear weather. The pigeons do not start home in a fog, and if overtaken by night they stop on the way, and do not continue their journey until morning.—*Harper's Young People*.

### A Marine Catalogue.

Turks' heads and cats' faces were probably once carved on the beam-ends. The purchase by which the anchor ring is hoisted is the "cat," or the "cheat" (capon). This word "cat" is a familiar one on board ship, and further illustrates the beast nomenclature therein found. The cat is a broad-beamed sailboat with no jib, a Norwegian vessel, and a well-known instrument of punishment. The "cat-harpings" are a part of the topmast rigging; the "cat-holes" are apertures through which the "stern-fasts" are led; the "cat-rack" (katt-spurn) another name for the "mast-step"; "cat-lap" is weak tea, a "cat-nap," a short one; a "cat's-paw," a mere ruffle upon the surface, leaving a "cat-skin," and is also a kink in a rope. The name "cat's-hole" (trou de chat) is applied by French sailors to the lubbers' hole (boco de lobo, or seal's mouth, say the Spanish), which is aptly called "soldiers' passage" (soldatengang) by German marines. When a ship is "hogged" (i. e., bowed or arched) German sailors say she has a "cat's back" (katzenrucken).—*American Magazine*.

### A Bold Suitor.

De Brass—Coupons, I am going to marry your daughter.  
Coupons—Sir!  
De Brass—Yes; I just thought I would mention it to you. It's the proper thing to speak to the old man; get his consent, and that sort of thing.  
Coupons (gasping for breath)—You—you—you—  
De Brass—Yes, I know—impudent scoundrel—quit my sight—servants put you out; mere formality, old man. Out it short.  
Coupons (fairly purple)—Sir! do you know, sir—that—  
De Brass (slapping Coupons vigorously on the back)—Of course, old fellow; I know everything. Spoke to her last evening. She loves me; I love her.  
Coupons (falling into a chair)—Well—I—I—damme, sir—I like your impudence—but it's—yes, it's American. A man, sir, with your nerve, could down the whole of—of Wall street. Take her sir—she's yours.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine*.

SAN FRANCISCO now receives mail in thirteen days from London.

## The Poor Young Man on the Top Floor.

EARLY days of my life were uneventful. I was but one of the spotless number who traveled about on the back of a goose. True, we saw much of the world, my companions and I—but as this is going to be an autobiography, I will only relate those incidents in which I played a star part. In the barn-yard, where my early life was spent, I saw Arabella, a young lady from New York, with an old gold-colored bang, and eyes as blue as wood-violets. She dressed as soberly as a Dominick hen, and all occupants of the barn were fond of her. Even the goose, who had a notoriously bad temper, forgot to hiss when she patted its back.

Arabella was standing in the doorway one morning, with her new archery set around her, when the tragedy occurred. The goose was so intent in looking at her fair young figure on the porch that she did not notice any impending danger. Tooling along the road on a bicycle came a young man attired in a neat-fitting corduroy suit. A sunburnt, honest-looking young chap, he seemed to me, who took a sensible view of life, and who knew a pretty girl when he saw her.

He saw Arabella, and saw that she was fair; he did not see the goose, however. There was a collision, and in a moment the air seemed filled with gentlemen's furnishing goods and mild profanity. The goose, greatly disgusted, with ruffled feathers and a general appearance as if she had been boxing with a buzz-saw or delving into the intricacies of a sausage-machine, retired to recuperate under the hedge, and hissed the other actors in the play.

Arabella stopped long enough to take up a stitch she had dropped in her knitting, and then went to the young man's assistance, like a brave little woman that she was.

She deftly dug the rich Jersey clay out of his eyes with her rosy fingers, and bathed his brow with eau-de-Cologne. He did not seem to object to

this performance a bit, and I am inclined to think he rather exaggerated the result of his injuries. I know they sat by the shady road long enough to have had a dozen arms set, and he hadn't broken anything but his bicycle.

Well, I thought they never would say good-by; but at last, after taking about an hour to the operation, the young man disappeared over the hill trundling his bicycle, and Arabella went back to the house with a dreamy look in her eyes, and a new installment of freckles accumulated during the interview.

From that day the young man was often to be seen going by the house, and finally he began to stop at the gate; and it wasn't very long before they were practicing archery on the lawn.

The summer passed and the fall set in, but even in the bleak days of October they were always together playing lawn-tennis or some outdoor game for Arabella's aunt did not approve of the young man at all. But one day Arabella suddenly packed up all her dainty dresses and started for home. We all mourned her loss in the barn-yard, and sympathized with the bicycle rider.

I noticed about ten days after Arabella went away that the goose to whom we clung with such affection was growing fat. The fact alarmed me, for I knew by the signs that our venerable friend was destined to fall into the hands of the executioner. She, poor thing, suspected nothing of the impending danger, but ate her double rations with a thankful heart, and waddled about the barn-yard proud with satisfaction.

But the gluttonous grass-widow did not long enjoy her luxurious life; for one night we were bundled unceremoniously into a box, and found ourselves in a few hours on the rolling cars. When I finally saw daylight again, it was to find myself in a great market with a glass-covered roof, and filled with hurrying people.

I was being whirled through the building at a 2:40 speed, on the wings of the cold north wind, for I was free at last to go where I would; my old friend the goose, here as a new-born babe, lay on a stall below me as I whirled by.

I was so busy looking around me that I ran smack into the face of a hungry-looking young man, who was haggling with a marketwoman for a pound of liver. Heavens! I recognized the young bicycle rider. I was very glad Arabella was not present to see him as I did that day; without an overcoat or gloves, his face blue with the cold, and a

hungry, half sad look in his eyes. He looked as if he had very little to give thanks for, poor fellow!

I would have liked to follow him, but a particularly spiteful gust of wind just at that moment carried me off and whirled me down the street. A little shivering newsboy, who was trying to warm himself over a grating in Printing House Square, caught sight of me drifting airily by, and after a chase finally captured me, to his great delight. It was nine o'clock before my little friend had disposed of all his papers and started for home. Our way led through the east end of the city, where the houses looked like wrecks stranded on the shores of the commercial sea; tottering tenements that overlooked blind alleys, with sightless-looking windows filled with old hats and dingy newspapers. The house we entered was squalid enough; its halls reeking with filth, where grimy-faced children were enjoying some boisterous games. The family of my captor occupied a single room near the roof. There were seven in all; his father and mother, who had never known what rest meant in all their worn and weary lives, three other boys, and the tiniest baby I ever laid my eyes on. I was soon in the baby's dimpled fingers, and though a good deal crushed by the operation, I felt I was giving the poor little thing pleasure.

I was just making a survey of the room and its happy occupants—for they did seem to be happy in spite of their surroundings—when the door opened, and who should enter but Arabella! Yes, Arabella; and behind her strode a footman in livery, carrying a basketful of poultry and groceries—enough to last the family for a month. And how the newsboy yelled, and his mother laughed, and the baby crowed, when they found that

all the good things were for them. I declare, I wished I could be a man to buy Arabella just then and there for what she had done.

It would take me a long time to describe the pleasure that poor family experienced through her bounty, and how the table groaned with good things. They were all going to sit down to the first good meal they had enjoyed in weeks, when the newsboy suggested that they should send for the young man on the top floor, since they had so much and to spare. And no sooner said, than one of the youngest of the family had climbed up to the attic, and was soon pushing a reluctant young man into the room. It was another surprise for me, for I was again confronted with my old friend the bicycle rider.

I knew just how he felt. He was proud and he did not like to accept anything from these poor, honest people; but they made him so welcome, and the appetizing smell of the dinner was so savory, that before he exactly knew what to think, he was seated at the table and eating as he had not eaten since he left the country.

I found out, through the conversation at the table during the meal, that he was a poor author, and that the paper on which he had worked had suddenly failed, so that he was reduced to extreme want. He talked remarkably well for so young a man, and I grew very much interested in him.

Among other things, he said he had grown so discouraged of late that he had not written a line, but an idea for a poem had come to him as he walked about the streets that day, and he intended to begin it at once. After dinner was over he caught sight of me in the baby's hands. "Just the thing I want to write my poem with, if the baby don't mind," he said with a laugh. "If you will lend it to me, perhaps it will bring me luck, and I shall soften the heart of some publisher." So he got me finally, and, after saying good-night to the honest people, went up to his attic; where he fashioned me into

as fine a quill-pen as ever an author gained immortality by using.

For hours and hours that night I traveled diligently over the paper—though the young man was considerate enough to give me frequent rests while he ran his fingers through his hair to collect his thoughts. It was nearly morning before we stopped our work, and I was laid down alongside of the poem, which was beautifully written on a spotless piece of paper, all ready for the next operation.

In the morning my proprietor put me in his pocket, together with the completed manuscript, and then we did a great deal of walking until we came to a square filled with trees and benches. At the north end of this stood a high brick building, which I recognized by the sign as belonging to a very wealthy publishing house.

My proprietor, with a confident step, entered an elegant office in this building, and deposited his manuscript with a supercilious-looking clerk, who eyed him disdainfully as he pitched the package into a half-filled basket that lay on the desk. But my proprietor was too confident of success to mind this, and hummed a merry tune all the way home.

An old goose-quill I once met on the farm, and my only literary friend, once told me that the average magazine editor generally took one year to read a manuscript, one year to pay for it, and about five years to publish it. I was therefore surprised to find, a few days afterward, that my captor had received a letter from the editor, inclosing a check accompanied by a request that he would call with a view to future contributions.

Our second visit was more pleasant than the first, and we soon found ourselves in the presence of the editor. I noticed my proprietor started when the great man of the magazine introduced himself; but, however, that might be, I know we accepted the invitation to dine that evening at the editor's house with great alacrity. To make a long story short, we went to the dinner, and there the bicycle was introduced by the editor to his daughter, who turned out to be none other than Arabella!

So I was the means of bringing together two loving hearts, and saving that truly good young man from being a suicide. They were married yesterday, and I, mounted in gold, occupied the most conspicuous place among the many costly presents. I did that young man a good turn once, and I shall do it again. He shall be immortal, if my nibs hold out!

### No Spending-Money.

Among the poor, particularly the thrifty and industrious poor, says a writer in *Harper's*, the woman of the household, be she wife or daughter, has much more control in dispensing the daily or weekly wage than women on a higher social plane; men of brawn, when sensible and kindly, practice a more generous rule of conjugal partnership than is usual among men of brain, though these latter's earnings are on such a scale of plenty that unless we look below the surface regulations and equipments of the house we fail to discover the false financial relations that exist between husband and wife. For wives, as a class, have no spending money, and are rarely cognizant of their husband's true business condition. Is this just to the being a man has promised to honor as well as to love? Women are accused of being "mean," and any one who has ever served on a collecting committee knows how, in forming a list of possible subscribers, name after name is omitted with the remark, "No use going to her; she never gives," or, "She has no money," and yet the husband of "she" is invariably a man of means or ample professional income, who pays extravagant household and personal bills for his family, usually with willing good-nature. It is only when money is asked for that a tightening of the purse-strings instinctively takes place and the unblushing query is made: "Why, little woman, what did you do with the \$5 I gave you last week?" We have heard such a question put to a beloved wife by a man whose yearly expenses were at least \$20,000, and who the next week gave the same wife valuable diamond earrings, and always encouraged her to dress extravagantly and live luxuriously.

### What Kind of a Speech.

"I'm going to speak my mind at that meeting to-night, and don't you forget it," said an irate metropolitan clubster to his wife.

"Going to speak it plainly, are you, dear?" she asked quietly.

"Yes, I am; I'm going to speak my mind, my whole mind, and nothing but my mind."

"What a short speech it will be," she said, half to herself, and went on sewing.—*Washington Capital*.



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ENQUIRE FOR PRICES.

L. T. KANTERS,

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The Cheapest Place to procure your

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The largest stock of Blankets and Robes to  
select from in Ottawa County at prices to  
suit the times. Now is the time to look them  
over and make your selections.

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## CLOTHING!

## Clothing! Clothing!

A large new stock just received to be sold

## CHEAP At BOSMAN'S.

Store on Eighth Street, Holland, Mich.

WAIT!

WAIT!!

For the opening of

## CRANDELL'S BAZAAR

in the building next to Brusse Bros. before you purchase all  
the goods you want. Everything, from a paper of pins to a  
nice piece of glassware, is kept on hand and will be sold.

The Bazaar is to become a permanent fixture of Holland  
City so do not be afraid of patronizing some temporary  
auction store with a damaged lot of goods.

Call after Thursday and we will be ready for you  
with a large stock of Bazaar Goods, Glassware,  
Crockery, and Notions of all Kinds.

S. R. CRANDELL.

This, the third annual fair of the  
South Ottawa and West Allegan  
Agricultural Society, promises in  
every respect to be more successful  
than the two previous ones. The  
officers elected at the annual meeting  
of the Society were: W. H. Beach,  
president; A. G. Van Hees, vice  
president; Otto Breyman, treasurer;  
Arend Visscher, secretary; M. D. L.  
Hollis, marshal, and June Davis,  
assistant marshal. These officers  
have performed very faithful service  
and put forth their utmost endeavors  
to make the fair a success. Early  
in August they had published and  
distributed from twelve to fifteen  
hundred premium lists which had  
been very carefully compiled. With  
a view to having the departments  
all placed in charge of competent  
persons the Executive Committee  
selected the following superinten-  
dents:

Cattle, Gardner Avery.

Horses, D. B. K. Van Raalte.

Sheep and Swine, John Snyder.

Poultry, Millard Harrington.

Agriculture, John A. Kooijers.

Farm Implements, D. Bloemers.

Pomological Dep't., I. Marsilje.

Floral Dep't., W. Z. Bangs.

Dep't Woman's Work, Mrs. G.

Van Schelven.

Miscel's Dep't., W. H. Rogers.

### MECHANICAL.

M. Fordey gives in *Cosmos* a very  
simple and useful method for detecting  
lead in the tinning of culinary utensils.  
The vessel being carefully cleaned to  
remove grease, a drop of nitric acid is  
applied to any part, and a gentle heat  
is used to dry the spot. A drop of so-  
lution of iodide of potassium is applied  
to the spot, and if lead be present a  
yellow iodide of lead is formed.

The following simple method for the  
consumption of smoke is given by a Ger-  
man paper: Start the fire as usual,  
and let it burn until the coals are in a  
bright glow; then rake the coals on the  
grate to the right and left, so as to form  
an empty space along the middle, and  
put the fresh coals into this space. The  
smoke which is formed from the fresh  
coals is consumed by the glowing fires  
on either side. If the grate is very wide  
two such open spaces in the fire are ad-  
vantageous for the addition of fresh  
fuel.

The bone industry of the country is  
an important one. The four feet of an  
ordinary ox will make a pint of neat-  
foot oil. Not a bone of any animal is  
thrown away. Many cattle shin bones  
are shipped to Europe for the making  
of knife handles, where they bring \$40  
per ton. The thigh bones are the most  
valuable, being worth \$80 per ton for  
cutting into toothbrush handles. The  
foreleg bones are worth \$30 per ton,  
and are made into collar buttons, parasol  
handles, and jewelry, though sheep's  
legs are the staple for parasol handles.  
The water in which the bones are boiled  
is reduced to glue, the dust which  
comes from sawing the bones is fed to  
cattle and poultry, and all bones that  
cannot be used as noted, or for bone  
black, used in refining the sugar we  
eat, are made into fertilizers, and help  
enrich the soil.

SIR FREDERICK BRAMWELL, President  
of the English Institute of Civil Engi-  
neering, declares that for the large  
steel forgings required in the present  
day for engine shafts and for cannon,  
the operations of light steam hammers  
are positively hurtful, tending to pro-  
duce internal flaws, and that the blows  
of even the heaviest hammers are less  
efficacious than pressure applied with-  
out a blow. He thinks the time is not  
far distant when all steel in its molten  
state will be subjected to pressure with  
the object of diminishing the size of any  
cavities containing imprisoned gases, or  
else that the same result will be ob-  
tained by other mechanical means, the  
possible nature of which he does not  
specify, but by which a casting may be  
obtained free from all blow holes, so  
that, when afterward forged by pres-  
sure, and not by percussion, it may be  
trusted to contain no local defect.

SOME improvements in the construc-  
tion of house chimneys have from time  
to time been suggested, and it is claim-  
ed that the best result is reached by  
inclosing hard-baked glazed pipe in a  
thin wall of bricks, such chimneys not  
only drawing better than those made in  
the usual way, but there is also less  
danger from "defective flues." It is ar-  
gued that to build chimneys with double  
or 8-inch walls makes them very large,  
more expensive, and yet not so good as  
when they contain the smooth, round  
flues. To leave an air chamber between  
them, for ventilating, is pronounced  
better than to open directly into the  
smoke flue, because it will not impair  
the draught for the fire, and there will  
be no danger of a sooty odor in the  
room when the circulation happens to  
lead downward. The outside chimney,  
if any, should have an extra air cham-  
ber between the very outer wall and  
the back of the fireplace, to save heat.

SHAKESPEARE says sleep is "the death  
of each day's life." Building kitchen  
fires with the thermometer twenty de-  
grees below zero, the next morning, is  
the wake over the corpse, probably.—  
*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

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